D MILK

TELLS. Professor Rober, says: "Analysis has MIIK - 'REINDEER iss products.'

GIBSON'S GUILT.

t. 2-A W. Thomp. sel for the defence of e theory of Rev. Mr. entirely from the law. glad to stand by their suspicions of the dematter arose during nation, from Mr. Gib It was in regard to

he defence states, Mr. imissions that looked ilals that looked more his own story, they y from 6 until 7 30 illiams murder. At his study and walked tance of three blocks before 8. It occurred ys that that was slow

nodified his testimony, ed at the Vogel's a rea-But, according to nt out, Miss Williams, to the church, must about the same time ovious. The two were ur and a half, and their jurder committed, the he Vogel social and en-

It upon by the defence on the library door y the pastor's chisel. ing had keys to the mer would not have who forced the lock it, they argue. One is that Rev. Gibson, , was the last person the church on Friday Saturday morning. se they have a new which has never been oh did not appear in ination. This is the , by which the defence or more competent. ses, that Blanche Laaddress the prayer g of April 3. It seems evening preceding sappearance she reof the Young People's Indeavor, which met and at which Miss attendant, that she he prayer meeting on of "My Dual Life, her pastor on the subsee the minister on e defence can prove. show that she visited y, but they can prove verheard her remark nsult him, and they ednesday afternoon

alleged to have inrry he spoke. He nan substantially as thrown out in a pecuregretts. "I looked Coy said, "and saw Mr. Truman and I to him very much The moment I had done wrong and I ing, but Truman did d nothing more was tted it as soon as the But I certainly had no Truman, and I do intended to do so. s in a jocular manner,

ted between very old worthy, undoubtedly, lame that is given me the tongue, but there for the thoughtless here is to it.'

ches, either inter-Yellow Oil is an un-

inst., the wife of adian Customs, of a

street, Victoria, on of H. B. Findley, of

city, aged 31 years. dence, 53 Hillside stant, Ernest, fourth Ellen Lane, aged 14

and Stationery. New at the Colonist Office

-HELP.

y locality (local or new discovery and dup on trees, fences nission or salary kpenses, and money en started. For par-

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SUPPER. dge of the natural oge of the natural prations of digestion reful application of selected Cocoa, Mr., breakfast and supper age which may save bills. It is by the ses of diet that a conbuilt up until strong built up until strong It up until strong ency to disease. erever there is well fortified with

water or milk. Sold ers labelied thus: peopathi hem

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from the fire-shrank with fierce twitch-

Yet if I would not accept his offer it

with inclination. I would leave

until I had made for myself a new one.

pallet. I crossed the room and stood still.

I stooped mechanically to see what this

was and found my own sword lying there,

the sword which Sir Anthony had given

thing worth doing, something which

should efface the brand that lay on me

now. With gentle fingers I disengaged the

velvet knot and thrust it into my bosom.

Then I tied about the hilt the old leather

thong, and began to make my prepara-

tions, considering this or that route while

I hunted for my dagger and changed my

long, untanned boots. I was yet in the

midst of this when a knock at the door

"Who is there?" I asked, standing erect.

He said no more, and I looked up. The

man was stooping slightly forward, his

pale face thrust out. There was a strange

gleam, in his eyes, and his teeth grinned in

across his lean knotted throat. "Shall I?"

he hissed, his hot breath reaching me,

He stood back on the instant, as a dog

might have done being reproved. But I

could hardly finish in comfort after that

I next turned to him he seemed half asleep

I wished to send something to Petronilla,

had taken it down that morning because

the droppings during the last summer had

fallen on the lead work, and I would not

have it used when the swallows returned.

It was but a bit of clay, and yet it would

I gave it into his hands. "Take this,

said, "and give it privately to Mistress

Petronilla. Privately, you understand.

And say nothing to any one, or the bishop

CHAPTER III.

The first streak of daylight found me al-

ready footing it through the forest by paths

known to few save the woodcutters, but

with which many a boyish exploration

the London road lies plain and fair through

Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford. But my

plan, the better to evade pursuit, was, in-

stead, to cross the forest in a northeasterly

direction, and passing by Warwick to

strike the great north road between Cov-

thence southeastward, would take me as

straight as a bird might fly through Dun-

stable, St. Albans and Barnet to London.

My baggage consisted only of my cloak,

sword and dagger, and for money I had

but a gold angel and a few silver bits of

store, slender as it was, would meet my

charges as far as London. Once there I

must depend on my wits either for provi-

which follow one another as do the wave

and trough of the sea, only less regularly,

I made my way toward Wootton Wawen.

As soon as I espied its battlemented church lying in a wooded bottom below me I

kept a more easterly course, and leaving

Henley-in-Arden far to the left passed

had humiliated me, and I hated him for dead bracken underfoot, the leafless caks churlishly. "I go to the other." down toward Leek Wootton. The damp.

Striding steadily up and down hill, for

dence at home or a passage abroad.

serve. She would guess its meaning.

will flay your back, Martin."

and his eyes were dull and fishy as ever.

with him standing there, although when

'One thing you can do,'' I said brusque-

Then I hesitated, looking round me.

A week before I had begged Pc-

eyes deceived me—lay a dark line.

bered.

token of peace.

startled me.

again.

patiently.

swered.

"shall I?"

"Well?" I growled.

fully, my cheeks burning

tinued in a whisper.

hear. Martin? No!"

"I thought so."

ng of nerve and sinew.

[CONTINUED.]

I covered my face. Alas, I believed him! I, who had always been so proud of my lineage, se proud of the brave trahouse and its honor, ditions of so proud of Coton End and all that be longed to it! Now, if this were true, I could never again take pleasure in one ther. I was the son of a man branded as a turncoat and an informer, of one who was the worst of traitors! I sank the settle behind me and hid my face. Another might have thought less of the blew, or, with greater knewledge of the world, might have made light of it as a thing not touching himself. But on me, young as I was, and proud, and as yet ender, and having done nothing myself, it

fell with crushing force. It was years since I had seen my father, and I could not stand forth loyally and fight his battle as a son his father's friend and familiar for years might have fought On the contrary, there was so much which seemed mysterious in my past life, so much that bore out the chancellor's accusation, that I felt a dread of its truth even before I had proof. Yet I would have "Show me the letters!" I said barshly. "Show me the letters, my lord!" You know your father's handwriting?"

I knew it, not from any correspondence my father had held with me, but because I had more than once examined with natural curiosity the wrappers of the dispatches which at intervals of many months, sometimes of a year, came from him to Sir Anthony. I had never known anything of the contents of the letters, all that fell to my share being certain formal messages, which Sir Anthony would give me, generally with a clouded brow and a testy manner that grew genial again only with the lapse of time.

Gardiner handed me the letters, and I took them and read one. One was enough. That my father! Alas, alas! No wonder that I turned my face to the wall, shivering as with the ague, and that all about me, except the red glow of the fire, which burned into my brain, seemed darkness! I had lost the thing I valued most. I had lost at a blow everything of which I was proud. The treachery that could flush that worn face opposite to me, lined as it was with statecraft, and betray the wily tongue into passion seemed to me, young and impulsive, a thing so vile as to brand a man's children through generations.

Therefore I hid my face in the corner of the settle, while the chancellor gazed at me awhile in silence, as one who had made an experiment might watch the re-

"You see now, my friend," he said at last, almost gently, "that you may be base born in more ways, than one. But be of good cheer. You are young, and what I have done you may do. Think of Thomas Cromwell-his father was naught. Think of the old cardinal-my master. Think of the Duke of Suffolk-Charles Brandon, I mean. He was a plain gentleman, yet he married a queen. More, the door which they had to open for themselves I will open for you-only, when you are inside,

play the man and be faithful." What would you have me do?" I whispered hoarselv. "I would have you do this," he an-

swered. "There are great things brewing in the Netherlands, boy-great changes, unless I am mistaken. I have need of an agent there, a man, stout, trusty, and, in particular, unknown, who will keep me informed of events. If you will be that agent, I can procure for you -and not appear in the matter myself-a post of pay and honor in the regent's What say you to that, Master guards Cludde? A few weeks, and you will be making history, and Coton End will seem a mean place to you. Now, what do you

I was longing to be away and alone with my misery, but I forced myself to reply patiently.

With your leave I will give you my answer tomorrow, my lord," I said as steadily as I could, and I rose, still keeping my face turned from him.

"Very well," he replied, with apparent confidence. But he watched me keenly, as I fancied. "I know already what your answer will be. Yet before you go I will give you a piece of advice which in the new life you begin tonight will avail you more than silver, more than gold-aye, more than steel-Master Francis. It is this: Be prompt to think, be prompt to strike, be slow to speak! Mark it well! It is a simple recipe, yet it has made me what I am and may make you greater. Now, gol"

He pointed to the little door opening on the staircase, and I bowed and went out, closing it carefully behind me. On the stairs, moving blindly in the dark, I fell over some one who lay sleeping there and who clutched at my leg. I shook him off, however, with an exclamation of rage, and stumbling down the rest of the steps gained the open air. Excited and feverish, I shrank with aversion from the confinement of my room, and hurrying over the drawbridge sought at random the long terrace by the fish pools, on which the moonlight fell, a sheet of silver, broken only by the sundial and the shadows of the rosebushes. The night air, weeping chill from the forest, fanned my cheeks as I paced up and down. One way I had before me the manor house—the steep gable ends, the gateway tower, the low outbuildings and corn stacks and stables-and flanking these the squat tower and nave of the church. I turned. Now I saw only the water and the dark line of trees which fringed the farther bank. But above these

the stars were shining. Yet in my mind there was no starlight There all was a blur of wild passions and resolves. Shame and an angry resentment against those who had kept me so long in ignorance—even against Sir Anthony were my uppermost feelings. I smarted under the thought that I had been living on his charity. I remembered many time when I had taken much on myself, and he had smiled, and the remembrance stung me. I longed to assert myself and

do something to wipe off the stain. But should I accept the bishop's offer? It never crossed my mind to do so. He

of the bittern fishing in the bottomsseemed to be at one with my thoughts, for these were dreary and sad enough. But hope and a fixed aim form no had

and gray sky overhead—nay, the very cry

indeed, but dry and whole. My spirits rose with the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me and found amuse ment in the sights of the road-in the heavy wagons and long trains of pack youth and strength, and the world before ne, and particularly Stony Stratferd, where I meant to dine.

it. Longing to cut myself off from my old life, I could not support a patron who There was one trouble common among would know and might cast in my teeth wayfarers which did not touch me, and the old shame. A third reason, too, worked powerfully with me as I became cooler. This was the conviction that, be a sturdy beggar who would rob an armed foot passenger for the sake of an apart from the glitter which the old man's angel, and the groats were gone. So I felt craft had cast about it, the part he would no terrors on that account, and even when have me play was that of a spy-an inabout noon I heard a horseman trot up former! A creature like-I dared not say behind me and rein in his horse so as to like my father, yet I had him in my mind. keep pace with me at a walk, step for step And from this, from the barest suspicion -a thing which might have seemed susof this, I shrank as the burned puppy picious to some-I took no heed of him. I was engaged with my first view of Stratford and did not turn my head. We had walked on so for 50 paces or more before it struck me as odd that the man did not was clear I must fend for myself. His bass me

threats meant as much as that, and I smiled sternly as found necessity at one Then I turned, and shading my eyes End at once, and henceforth I would fight shoulder, said, "Good day, friend." for my own hand. I would have no name

"Good day, master," he answered. He was a stout fellow, looking like a This resolve formed, I turned and went citizen, although he had a sword by his back to the house and felt my way to my side and wore it wih an air of importance own chamber. The moonlight poured which the sunshine of opportunity might through the lattice and fell white on my was plain, and he sat a good hackney as a Down the middle of the coverlet-or my miller's sack might have sat it. His face was the last thing I looked at. When I raised my eyes to it, I got an unpleasant start. The man was no stranger. I knew me on my last birthday. But how had it had summoned me to the chancellor's come there? As I took it up something resence.

soft and light brushed my hand and The remembrance did not please me. drooped from the hilt. Then I rememand reading in the fellow's sly look that he recognized me and thought he had tronilla to make me a sword knot of blue made a happy discovery on finding me I relyet for use on state occasions. No doubt halted abruptly. He did the same.

she had done it and had brought the sword "It is a fine morning," he said, taken back this evening and laid it there in aback by my sudden movement, but affecting an indifference which the sparkle in I sat down on my bed, and softer and his eye belied. "A rare day for the time kindlier thoughts came to me—thoughts of of year. love and gratitude, in which the old man "It is," I answered, gazing steadily at

who had been a second father to me had part. I would go as I had resolved, but I "Going to London? Or may be only to would return to them when I had done a Stratford?" he hazarded. He fidgeted unomfortably under my eye, but still pre

ended ignorance of me. "That is as may be," I answered. 'No offense. I am sure," he said. I cast a quick glance up and down the oad. There happened to be no one in sight.

ight. "Look here!" I replied, stepping orward to lay my hand on the horse's doublet and hose for stouter raiment and shoulder, but the man reined back and prevented me, thereby giving me a clew o his character, "you are in the service of the bishop of Winchester?" His face fell, and he could not conceal

For answer Martin Luther slid in, closis disappointment at being recognized. ing the door behind him. The fool did Well, master," he answered reluctantly, not speak, but turning his eyes first on 'perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not.''
"That is enough," I said shortly. "And one thing and then on another nodded you know me. You need not lie about it, man, for I can see you do. Now, look here, "You are off, master," he said, nodding Master Steward, or whatever your name may be"

"Why did you think so?" I retorted im-"It is Master Pritchard," he put in sulkily, "and I am not ashamed of it." "It is time for the young birds to fly "Very well. Then let us understand when the cuckoo begins to stir," he anone another. Do you mean to interfere I understood him dimly and in part.

He grinned. "Well, to be plain, I do," 'You have been listening," I said wrathne replied, reining his horse back another "I have orders to look out for you "And been kicked in the face like a fool and have you stopped if I find you. And coin too!" for my pains," he answered. "Ah, well, it is better to be kicked by the boot you I must do my duty, sir. I am sworn to it, Master Cludde e than kissed by the lips you hate. But Master Francis, Master Francis!" he con-

And I drew my sword and advanced upon him with a flourish. "We will soon decide this little matter," I added grimly, one eye on him and one on the empty "if you will be good enough to de-

the moonlight. Thrice he drew his finger fend vourself." But there was no fight in the fellow. By good luck, too, he was so startled that he did not do what he might have done I recoiled from him, shuddering. It was with safety-namely, retreat and keep me a ghastly pantomime, and it seemed to me that I saw madness in his eyes. "In heavin sight until some passersby came up. He did give back indeed, but it was en's name, no!" I cried. "No! Do you against the bank. "Have a care!" he cried in a fume, his eye following my sword nervously. He did not try to draw his "There is no call for fighting, I own. вау.

"But I say there is," I replied bluntly. "Call and cause! Either you fight me, or I go where I please You may go to Bath for me!" he

spluttered, his face the color of a turkey cock's wattles with rage. some word, some keepsake. But I had 'Do you mean it, my friend?" I said. nothing that would serve a maid's purand I played my point about his leg, half pose and could think of nothing until my minded to give him a little prod by way of earnest. "Make up your mind." eye lit on a house martin's nest, lying where I had cast it on the window sill. I

"Yes!" he shricked out, suspecting my urpose and bouncing about in his saddle like a parched pea. "Yes, I say!" he Do you hear me? You go your way, and I will go mine," That is a bargain," I said quietly,

and mind you keep to it." I put up my sword with my face turned from him, lest he should see the curl of my lip and the light in my eyes. In truth, I was uncommonly well pleased with myself and was thinking that if I came through all my adventures as well I should do merrily. Outwardly, however, I tried to ignore my victory and to make things as easy as I could for my friend—if one may call a man who will not fight him a friend, a thing I doubt. "Which way had made me familiar. From Coton End | are you going?" I asked amicably—"to Stratford?'

He nodded, for he was too sulky to speak. "All right!" I said cheerfully, feeling that my dignity could take care of itself now. "Then so far we may go together.

entry and Daventry, which, running Only do you remember the terms. After dinner each goes his own way;" He nodded again, and we turned and went on in silence, eying one another askance, like two ill matched dogs coupled together. But luckily our forced companionship did not last long, a quarter of doubtful value. But I trusted that this mile and a bend in the road bringing us to the first low, gray houses of Stratford. A long, straggling village it seemed, made up of inns strewn along the road, like beads threaded on a rosary. And, to be sure, to complete the likeness, we came Arden forest is made up of hills and dells presently upon an ancient stone cross standing on the green. I pulled up in front of this with a sign of pleasure, by on either side of it, one facing the other, by "And drown the purveyors!" a farmer

cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's But hope and a fixed aim form no bad makeshifts for happiness. Striking the broad London road as I had purposed, I slept that night at Ryton Dunsmoor and the next at Towcester, and the third day, which rose bright and frosty, found me who had the purposed and chose the plunder—why, the packmen avoid Stratford ever since as though we had the black death! Oh, down with the purveyors, say I! The first that comes this way I will show the bottom of the Ouse. Aye, that I will, though I hang for it!"

But no days in approvance and chose the plunder—why, the packmen avoid Stratford ever since as though we had the black death! Oh, down with the purveyors, say I! The first that comes this way I will show the bottom of the Ouse. Aye, that I will, though I hang for it!"

But in vain. The ounce.

"I have letters in the other.

"I have letters, letters of some shift will the me go, you curs!"

Show the bottom of the Ouse. Aye, that I will, though I hang for it!"

"Fast easy Tom Miller!" the host in Crown at bazard, and pushing my way through the knot of horses that stood tethered at the door went in, leaving the two to their devices.

I found a roaring fire in the great room

walking, so after saluting them and ordering my meal I went and sat for choice on a bench by the window away from the fire. The window was one of a kind common in Warwickshire houses, long and that was the fear of robbers, for he would low and beetle browed, the story above projectin over it. I sat there a minute looking idly out at the inn opposite, a heavy stone building with a walled courtyard attached to it, such an inn as was common enough about the time of the wars of the roses, when wayfarers looked rather for safety than comfort. Presently I saw a boy come out of it and start up the road at a run. Then, a minute later, the ragged fellow I had seen on the green came out and lurched across the road. He seemed to be making, though uncertainly, for my inn, and, sure enough, just as my bread and bacon—the latter hot and hissing-were put before me, he staggered from the sun, which stood just over his into the room, bringing a strong smell of ale and onions with him. "Pax vobiscum!" he said, leering at me with tipsy solemnity.

I guessed what he was-a monk, one of hose unfortunates still to be found here and there up and down the country, whom have ripened into a swagger. His dress King Henry, when he put down the monasteries, had made homeless. I did not look on the class with much favor, thinking that for most of them the cloister, even if the queen should succeed in setting the abbeys on their legs again, would have few nim in a moment for the messenger who attractions. But I saw that the simple respect, and I nodded civilly as I went on with my meal.

> I was not to get off so easily, however. He came and planted himself opposite to

'Pax vobiscum, my son," he repeated. 'The ale is cheap here and good. "So is the ham, good father," I replied cheerfully, not pausing in my attack on the victuals. "I will answer for so much. Well, well," the knave replied, with eady wit, "I breakfasted early. I am content. Landlord, another plate and a full tankard. The young gentleman would have me dine with him I could not tell whether to be angry or

to laugh at his impudence. 'The gentleman says he will answer for it!" repeated the rascal, with a twinkle in his eye, as the landlord hesitated. He was

by no means so drunk as he looked. "No, no, father," I cried, joining in the general laugh into which the farmers by the fire broke. "A cup of ale is in reason, and for that I will pay, but for no more. Drink it and wish me godspeed.'

"I will do more than that, lad," he anwered. Swaying to and fro my cup, which he had seized in his grasp, he laid his hand on the window ledge beside me, as though to steady himself, and stooped until his coarse, puffy face was but a few inches from mine. "More than that," he whispered hoarsely, and his eyes, peering into mine, were now sober and full of meaning. "If you do not want to be put in the stocks or worse, make tracks! Make tracks, lad!" he continued. 'Your friend over there—he is a niggardly oafhas sent for the hundredman and the constable, and you are the quarry. So the word is, Go! That," he added aloud, standing erect again, with a drunken smile, "is for your cup of ale, and good

For half a minute I sat quite still, wondering, while the "Right," said I calmly, "and I must do | bacon cooled on the plate before me, what mine, which is to take care of my skin." I was to do. I did not doubt the monk was telling the truth. Why should he lie to me? And I cursed my folly in trusting to a coward's honor or a serving man's good faith. But lamentations were useless. What was I to do? I had no horse and no means of getting one. I was in a strange country, and to try to escape on foot from pursuers who knew the roads and had the law on their side, would be a hopeless undertaking. Yet to be hauled back to Cuton End a prisoner-I could not face that. Mechanically I raised a morsel of bacon to my lips, and as I did so a thought occurred to me-an idea suggested by some talk I had heard the evening

before at Towcester. Fanciful as the plan was, I snatched at it, and knowing each instant to be precious took my courage in my hand-and my tankard. "Here," I cried, speaking suddenly and loudly, "here is bad luck to purveyors, Master Host!"

There were a couple of stablemen within hearing, lounging in the doorway, besides the landlord and his wife and the farmers.



I caught a glimpse of him, wild eyed and frantic with fear. A villager or two also had dropped in, and there were two peddlers lying half asleep in the corner. All these pricked up their ears more or less at my words. But, like most country folk, they were slow to take in anything new or unexpected, and I had to drink afresh and say again, "Here is

Then the landlord showed he understood. "Aye, so say I!" he cried, with an oath. Purveyors, indeed! It is such as they give the queen a bad name."

bad luck to purveyors!" before any one

took it up.

Rose and Crown, or the Crown without the

I shrugged my shoulders. After all, you what I had heard at Towcester the night ear, and if a man has not courage he is not she uses all the wool they took! And the before. "The queen should lie warm if fikely to have good fellowship. But the pack horses they purveyed to carry off the words angered me nevertheless, for a plunder-why, the packmen avoid Strat-

"Easy, easy, Tom Miller!" the host in terposed, affecting an air of assurance even while he cast an eye of trouble at hi flitches. "It will be another ten years be fore they harry us again. There is Pot ter's Pury! They never took a tester's horses and the cheery greetings which met me with each mile. After all, I had it, drinking ale. But I was hot from Preston Gobion! But they will go to them Preston Gobion! But they will go to them next, depend upon it!"

"I hope they will," I said, with a world of gloomy insinuation in my words. "But

And this time my hint was not wasted. The landlord changed color. "What are you driving at, master?" he asked mildly, while the others looked at me in silence and waited for more.

"What if there be one across the road now?" I said, giving way to the temptation and speaking falsely—for which had dearly afterward. "A purveyor, mean, unless I am mistaken in him, or h tells lies. He has come straight from the chancellor, white wand, warrant and all. He is taking his dinner now, but he has sent for the hundredman, so I guess he means business." "For the hundredman?" repeated the

landlord, his brows meeting. "Yes, unless I am mistaken."

There was silence for a moment. Then the man they called Tom Miller dashed his cap on the floor, and folding his arms defiantly looked round on his neighbors. "He has come, has he!" he roared, his face swollen, his eyes bloodshot. "Then I will be as good as my word! Who will help? Shall we sit down and be shorn like sheep as we were before, so that our children lay on the bare stones, and we pulled the plow ourselves? Or shall we show that we are free Englishmen and not slaves of Frenchmen? Shall we teach Master Purfarmers received his scrap of Latin with veyor not to trouble us again? Now, what say you, neighbors?"

So fierce a growl of impatience and anger rose round me as at once answered the question. A dozen red faces glared at me and at one another, and from the very motion and passion of the men as they snarled and threatened the room seemed twice as full as it was. Their oaths and cries of encouragement, not loud, but the more dangerous for that, the fresh burst of fury which rose as the village smith and another came in and learned the news, the menacing gestures of a score of brandished fists—these sights, though they told of the very effect at which I had aimed, scared as well as pleased me. I turned red and white and hesitated, fearing that I had gone too far.

The thing was done, however, and, what was more, I had soon to take care of myself. At the very moment when the hubbub was at its loudest I felt a chill run down my back as I met the monk's eye, and, reading in it whimsical admiration. read in it something besides, and that was an unmistakable menace. "Clever lad!'' the eye said. "I will expose you,'

it threatened. I had forgotten him-or, at any rate, that my acting would be transparent enough to him holding the clew in his hand-and his look was like the shock of cold water to me. But it is wonderful how keen the wits grow on the grindstone of necessity. With scarcely a second's hesitation I drew out my only piece of gold, and unnoticed by the other men, who were busy swearing at and encouraging one another, I disclosed a morsel of it. The monk's crafty eyes glistened. I laid my finger on my lips.

He held up two fingers. I shook my head and showed an empty palm. I had no more. He nodded, and the relief that nod gave me was great. Before I had time however to of the crowd-for the news had spread with strange swiftness, and there was now a crowd assembled which more than filled the room-proclaimed that the purveyor

had come out and was in the street. The room was nearly emptied at a rush. Though I prudently remained behind, I well as see what passed. The leading spirits had naturally struggled out first and were gathered, sullen and full of dangerous possibilities, about the porch.

I suppose the bishop's messenger saw in them nothing but a crowd of country clowns, for he came hectoring toward the door, smiting his boot with his whip and puffing out his red cheeks mightily. felt brave enough, now that he had dined and had at his back three stout constables sworn to keep the queen's peace.

'Make way! Make way there! Do you hear?" he cried in a husky, pompous voice. "Make way!" he repeated, lightly ouching the nearest man with his switch. 'I am on the queen's service, boobies, and must not be hindered."

The man swore at him, but did not The man swore at him, but did not investigation of pelagic sealing in Behring budge, and the bully, brought up thus sea. There was much work done in detersharply, awoke to the lowering faces and | mining the boundaries of Behring sea as threatening looks which confronted him. He changed color a little. But the ale was still in him, and forgetting his natural discretion he thought to carry matters with a high hand. "Come, come," he exclaimed angrily. "I have a warrant, and you resist me at your peril. I have to enter this house. Clear the way, Master Hundredman, and break these fellows' heads if they withstand you."

A growl as of a dozen bulldogs answered him, and he drew back as a child might who has trodden on an adder. "You fools!" he spluttered, glaring at them viciously. "Are you mad? Do you know what you are doing? Do you see this?" He whipped out from some pocket a short white staff and brandished it. "I come direct from the lord chancellor and upon his business. Do you hear? And if you resist me it is treason. Treason, you dogs!" he cried, his rage getting the better of him, "and like dogs you will hang for it. Master Hundredman, I order you to take in our constables and arrest that man!" "What man?" quoth Tom Miller, ey-

ing him fixedly. "The stranger who came in an hour ago and is inside the house."

"Him, he means, who told about the purveyor across the road," explained the monk, with a wink. That wink sufficed. There was a roar of execration, and in the twinkling of an

eye the Jack in office, tripped up this way and shoved that, was struggling helplessly in the grasp of half a dozen men, who fought savagely for his body with the hundredman and the constables. "To the river! To the Ouse with him!"

yelled the mob. "In the queen's name!" shouted the officers. But these were to ''Well,'' I said, "which shall it be the exclaimed.

OThey were here a year ago and left us the matter. Yet, for an instant, as the matter. Yet, for an instant, as the crowd went reeling and fighting down the as abare as a shorn sheep," struck in a crowd went reeling and fighting down the "Choose for yourself," he haswered strapping villager, speaking at a white road, they prevailed, the constables man-hurlishly. "I go to the other has but telling me no news, for this was aged to drag their leader free, and I caught

a glimpse of him, wild eyed and frantic with fear, his clothes torn from his back, standing at bay like some animal and brandishing his staff in one hand, a packet

"I have letters, letters of state!" he screamed shrilly. "Let me alone, I tell

But in vain. The next instant the mob were upon him again. The packet of let-ters went one way, the staff was dashed another. He was thrown down and plucked up again and hurried, bruised and struggling, toward the river, his screams for mercy and furious threats rising shrilly above the oaths and laughter.

I felt myself growing pale as scream followed scream. "They will kill him!" I exclaimed, trembling, and prepared to follow. "I cannot see this done."

But the monk, who had returned to my side, grasped my arm. "Don't be a fool," he said sharply. "I will answer for it, they will not kill him. Tom Miller is not a fool, though he is angry. He will duck him and let him go But I will trouble you for that bit of gold, young gentleman.

I gave it to him.

'Now," he continued, with a leer, "I will give you a hint in return. If you are wise, you will be out of this county in 12 hours. Tethered to the gate over there is a good horse, which belongs to a certain purveyor now in the river. Take it! There is no one to say you nay. And begone!" I looked hard at him for a minute, my heart beating fast. This was horse steal ing, and horse stealing was a hanging matter. But I had done so much already that I felt I might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. I was not sure that I had not incited to treason, and what was stealing a horse beside that? "I will do it," I said desperately.

"Don't lose time, then," quoth my mentor.

I went out then and there and found he had told the truth. Every soul in the place had gone to see the ducking, and the street was empty. Kicked aside in the roadway lay the bundle of letters, soiled, but not torn, and in the gutter was the staff. I stooped and picked up one and the other—in for a lamb, in for a sheep, and they might be useful some day. Then I jumped into the saddle and twitched the reins off the hook.

But before I could drive in the spurs a hand fell on the bridle, and the monk's face appeared at my knee. "Well?" I said, glaring down at him. I was burning to oe away

"That is a good cloak you have got there," he muttered hurriedly. "There, strapped to the saddle, you fool! You do not want that. Give it me. Do you hear? Quick, give it me!" he cried, raising his voice and clutching at it fiercely, his face

dark with greed and fear.
"I see," I replied as I unstrapped it. "I am to steal the horse that you may get the cloak. And then you will lay the lot on my shoulders. Well, take it!" I cried, 'and go your way as fast as you can."

Throwing it at him as hard as I could. I shook up the reins and went off down the road at a gallop. The wind whistled pleasantly past my ears. The sounds of the town grew faint and distant. Each oound of the good hack carried me farther and farther from present danger, farther and farther from the old life. nilaration and excitement of the moment I forgot my condition, forgot that I had not a penny piece in my pocket, and that I had left an unpaid bill behind me, forgot even that I rode a-well, a borrowed

(To be continued.)

U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

SEATTLE, Oct. 2 -U.S. fish commission teamer albatross, Commander Drake, arrived to-day, via Bellingham Bay and Port Townsend from Behring ses, where for several months she has prosecuted her the narrowness of my escape a movement scientific work in addition to a great deal of work in common with the patrol of the sea by the United States and British vessels. The work this year in Behring sea and the seal islands will be of more far-reaching effect than anything that has occurred for a ong time and the congress of the United States at its next session will be given data could, through the open window, hear as and facts to wrestle with that will result in great importance to the seal fisheries. A serious mistake was originally made in the determination of the Siberian coast line of one minute of longitude, equal to fifteen miles, the coast line as determined and charted being that distance too far to the eastward. This mistake was discovered and verified by the scientific labors of the Albatross and her corps of astronomers. Other important work in Behring sea was

> cientific determination of the bottom of the sea from the American coast line across to the Siberian coast. This work, as Commander Drake has not yet made out and forwarded his report, he is not at liberty to fully discuss and announce, nor is the other very important work in connection with the claimed by the United States government and as well a great deal of labor about and around the Pribyloff islands, the specia breeding grounds of the seal herd. A full and comprehensive report on the season's work will be made out and forwarded to the proper department at Washington City, and it will be of such a nature that Commander Drake believes that the coming congress will give it very great and close attention and

the completion of two lines of soundings and

active measures will follow.

The result of the season's work of the Albatross will be such as to effect a complete reconstruction of the present hydrographic charts of the northwest coast and the magnitude of the work to scientific people at least will be readily inferred from his statement. The Albatross, Commander Drake says, will remain on the Sound for some time to prosecute scientific work in connection with the annual salmon runs up the fresh water streams. This work, of course, will be carried out with a view to the preservation of this important species of

To the uninitiated there probably is not much meaning to the commander's statement of the Siberian coast being charted fifteen miles too far east. It nevertheless will probably have a great bearing on the seal fisheries of the future. As it is understood, though Commander Drake did not so state, this gives wider breadth to Behring sea and straits than was supposed. It will simply shove, so to speak, Siberia back upon Russia fifteen miles and the sixty-mile limit sealing zone will be carried that distance further towards Russian territory. East Cape Siberia is about the 170th degree longitude west; the rectifying of the mistake puts it at 1701 egrees west and with it the whole coast ine moves back.

A LIPE SAVING MEDICINE. I was attacked severely last winter with Diarrhosa, Oramps and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can Chank this excellent remedy for saying my life.

Mrs. S. Kellett, Minden, Onte